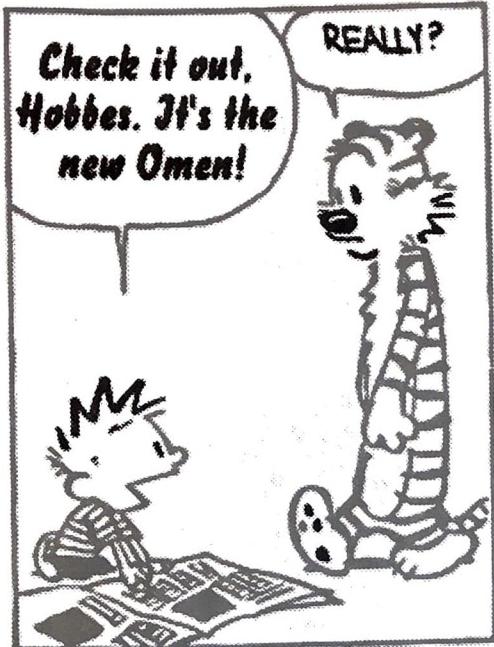


The Omen

by Bill Watterson



Wow! look at this page!
It's just a bunch of boxes
that say "Fuck The Yurt!"
And down there it says
"Fuck The Phoenix!"



THE OMEN

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EDITORS

Jonathan Land.....	Managing Editor
Ben Sanders.....	Production Editor
David Wilcox.....	Graphics Editor
Stephanie Cole.....	Section Hate Editor

STAFF

Josh Brassard.....	Notes From Limboland
Aaron Mulvany.....	Internal Affairs
Lauren Ryder.....	Sextracyter
Matt Flaming (MIA).....	Thoughts After Midnight

CONTRIBUTORS

None this week,
you lazy, fat ass, scum
sucking hippy bastards

"No cursin', only versin'"

-Flavor Flav

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



Jonathan Land: Performance Art

Hello, by now I'm sure many of you are familiar with my work. I go under the name "Jonathan Land" as an encapsulation of my complete works as a performance artist. My name is Eric Goulden, and ever since I was capable of cognitive thought, I decided to become a performance artist, with this plan in mind: I would create a completely different person out of myself. In other words, as an artist, I chose to replicate the existence of a human being from birth to death. How can I tell if I'm a good performance artist? By seeing the real-life reaction to "myself", hence part of the observation of others has been incorporated into my art.

Don't think it's been easy. Not only did I have to create the traits and every idiosyncrasy of "Jonathan Land", but I had to live them out, sacrificing my own identity in the process. Why have I decided to quit now? Because, like all good artists, I must progress. I have a work in progress called "the invisible man" (spelled totally in lowercase letters, so as not to draw particular attention to it). It is an extension of my previous work regarding the beauty of observation. I am "invisible", yet I process my surroundings. Merely collecting and storing information for future use by a tentative character called

Oh, the lengths I've gone to, to create continuity. The false birth certificate, the legal and financial mumbo-jumbo. Everything down to the last monogrammed piece of stationery had to be per-

fect. The phone listing, the e-mail address (jblf93, because it's too much of a hassle to change it to ergF93), it's all been planned to the "T", or the "J" as the case may be.

Of course, I was able to cheat in the end of "my" high school years, and the beginning of "my" college years by taking courses in traditional acting, cognitive thought, perspective drawing, etc. With having "Jonathan Land" showing an interest in such studies, I too was able to learn from these experiences. Fascinating, huh? This helped me plan for what was at the time, the future. Studying, who would make the most promising friends, employers, etc.

For instance, one of my goals was to make myself heard by many people, so as to let people know about the performance piece: Jonathan Land, after it had run its course. Hence, the Managing Editorialship of one of your school newspapers, The Omen, being generally loud and noticeable, and making certain unpopular social and political statements publicly, so as to draw attention to myself. It has been quite a laborious and unnerving task.

So there it is. Please sit back and reflect. Creul joke, or brilliant disguise? That's for you to decide.

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SECTION HATE

Steph's Semester in Review

Well, this being the last Omen of the semester and all, I would like to offer this week's Section Hate as a toast to all the things on this campus jammed permanently up the crawl of my righteous indignation. Call it the semester in review. An old gimmick but a good one.

Therefore, I raise my typewriter in salute to (in no particular order)...the cootie with the silver marker who emblazoned Dakin with messages of anti-Columbian appeal. It's people like you,

weenie-face, who make progress and communication a breeding ground for inefficient intolerance. Is there efficient intolerance? You bet...and someday it's going to make mincemeat out of you.

...to the Yurt. What more can I say? (Hopefully, nothing.)

...to the town of Amherst for bringing us a new dawn complete with a smoke-free horizon. I hope someone out there outlaws your health food, crunchies! I hope none of you get cancer, so you have to live in this blue-law-laden tarpit for

the rest of your days! I hope all your kids become smokers, you fascist butt police! May ashes forever garnish your food.

...to Intran and the Infinity Hour, for just being your sweet selves!

...to the tumor that ground the left rear corner of my car to an automotive nub. I've said it all.

...to Democrats.

...to Republicans.

...and to, most likely, you.

Have a cold, snowy break—

Cole

Scarlette Calls it Quits

I wondered for a while just how I was going to go about writing this resignation, and eventually came to the conclusion that short and simplistic would be the best approach. As much as I have enjoyed my involvement with the paper over the past three semesters, I have felt that *The Omen* and I have been moving on in different directions. This past semester, I have not found my work on the paper as fulfilling as I once did, and I would think that the inconsistency of my contributions has prevented me from being as helpful and reliable a part of *The Omen* as I feel it is necessary to be.

As Entertainment Editor, my communicative contributions have recently been fewer than I aim

for, and not always rewarding. This is not to say that I am unhappy with my past work, but rather that I feel it has been lacking this semester. I am not one to want to do a job poorly, and I don't think *The Omen* is the type of paper to promote it. I am happy to see that there are still people working hard for the paper, and that it continues to provide a space for community dialogue. However, I feel that it is no longer the medium that is right for me.

I would like to thank the staff of *The Omen* for their support over the last two years. I am glad that I had the opportunity to be involved with the paper and the people involved with it, from the editors to the contributors. I also

Performance Art Cont.

As for me, I'm off to begin my "invisible man" project in graduate school, thus completing my Div III along with the "Jonathan Land" project. It's been...real. Thank you.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Hampshire Omen

Eric Goulden
Performance Artist
New York City

Merry Friggin' Christmas

*Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of *The Omen*, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the*

Notes From Limboland

author himself. He might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, there was a man named Brady, who was bringing up three boys of his own. Now, get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

I am assuming, rightly so I believe, that this will be the last issue of *The Omen* for this semester. That being so, I really don't have the time to be writing this. I am currently up to my neck in work that's all due in a couple of days. But, seeing as I am now an official staff member of *The Omen*, I felt it was only my duty, my obligation, if you will, to contribute something to this final issue of the outgoing semester, even if what I write is shit. Which it is.

So, I guess this would be a good time to look back at the semester just gone and reflect upon what has happened. I don't feel like doing that, however, because it's cheesy and, frankly, the only two things I remember of any seeming import are the Yurt and Dario Sabatini's pet bat poster. I've already put my two cents in on those, and can't find the energy to tax my brain coming up with any other valid events from the past months.

I think that I'll write about

the holidays. You know, "peace on earth . . ." and what not. Blah. I, personally, hate the holiday season. In this age of the megaplex malls and holiday decorations put up before Thanksgiving, I can't find any true meaning in any of it. Of course, is there any true meaning? Speaking as a person who was brought up Christian and has since switched over to agnosticism ("the indecisive person's religion"), I guess the true meaning of the holiday season is a celebration of the birth of Christ. But, hey, isn't Christmas derived

from pagan rituals celebrating the winter solstice? Oh, those nasty Christians, stealing from the pagans like that and then burning 'em at the stake . . .

Just what the fuck am I writing about? No clue, monkey-nipples. I'm operating on a minimum of sleep here. I think what I may be trying to say is that the holidays, for a lot of people, don't mean celebration of anything at all - just the opposite: more hassle than it's worth. In our lovingly commercial

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No Racial Slurs in Here

Last week, some friends (good voice) sang both in English and in Hebrew.

In the midst of stress and studying, it was a great release, and a lot of fun. I recommend a party with fine music and friendly people to everyone at this point in the semester. I hope that we all have a wonderful holiday, and keep in mind that as we celebrate, there are countless others who are celebrating as well. This, at the risk of sounding a wee bit cheesy, does bring us all together a little closer together.

Scarlette Hook

Scarlette Cont.

press what needs and wants expressing. After all, *The Omen* was created to facilitate and create dialogue in the community.

Scarlette Hook
(Former) Entertainment
Editor

Hampshire's History

In 1762, the territory of Western Massachusetts was a frontier populated by random Puritans who couldn't cut it in Boston, and Pilgrims eager to forge the fresh land into a further manifestation of God's country. Hardy people beset by problems that still plague us today—lack of money, lack of edible food, and lack of cheap educational opportunity, the concerned populace of the pioneer Valley gathered together in an effort to create a college of their own.

The trek to Harvard was, at the time, dangerous, expensive, and inefficient for farmers who needed their sons at home to help with their agricultural efforts. A college that served the sons of the valley at minimum expense to those attending would be an immense boon to the community. Plans were made, committees created, and the working name for the project was Hampshire College. It is believed that the eponymous college of present times was named after this failed endeavor.

In 1762, the ruling body of Massachusetts was sovereign first, governor second. But since King George wasn't around to grant the charter necessary to authorize the new school, the citizens, led by Israel Williams, petitioned the governor for his legal benediction. The charter was denied. Harvard had put pressure on Governor Bernard to nip the fetal institution in the bud. They relied on the steady diet of frontier students for their student body. Bernard decided that it was better to keep Boston happy than sacrifice his political career at the

whim of a few scrappy frontiersmen. So, even though the people of Hampshire County had money in hand to break ground for their school, the original Hampshire College was never created.

Almost two hundred years, and four colleges later, a new movement surfaced to create a college in the Pioneer Valley. Existing only in theory, the product of some of the top educators in the country, New College—soon to be Hampshire College—was first conceived in the late 1950's. The idea was to create a school "providing education of the highest quality at a minimum cost per student," with a program that would "provide for the type of social interaction which will create a climate favorable to intellectual activities." The plan included a deliberate elimination of secret societies and intercollegiate athletics.

Acting with the working

motto that to know goes with knowing how to know, the New College Committee, headed by Amherst President Chuck Longsworth, began a collaboration of ideas that speculated on architecture, academic criteria, social structure, and the future of education. Hampshire is the test-tube genetically encoded baby they compiled. A guinea pig in the field of experimental education, backed by the funding of millionaires, Hampshire laid its cornerstone in 1967.

The founders had visions of a "forthright, modern" structure to the campus, centered on the library. Hundreds of students across the Valley were polled in an attempt to design the ultimate learning facility. The result was the Howard F. Johnson Library, which was supposed to sport adequate lighting, adequate heating, and a user friendly information retrieval system.

Continued on Next Page

Limboland Cont.

ized society, the holidays mean cramming yourself like an insignificant sardine into the mall of your choice, spending too much time and ungodly amounts of money buying gifts for people who will probably bring them back to be exchanged or refunded on December 26 (which just happens to be Boxing Day in Canada, God knows why). I mean, have you ever noticed how fucking rude people get when the calendar says December? It's that lovely holiday spirit enfusing itself into our souls . . .

So, as always, remember kids: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Happy Thppth.

-Josh Brassard

Hampshire Keeps On Rolling

tem, as well as be aesthetically pleasing.

The rest of the campus was designed circumnavigate the library, as envisioned by Master Planner Hideo Sasaki. The image of Hampshire as an "open city" was crucial to the planning.

While the architectural plans were being laid, the land evaluation firm of Sasaki, Dawson, Demay associates was busy assessing the actual land, determining in the process that the site Hampshire was being built on was once a glacial lake, subject to flooding and with vaguely unstable land. They assured the founders that it would be all right, although structures bearing more than two floors would call for extensive structural enhancements. Building commenced.

The land had been purchased from the farmers, Bob Stiles, and Andy Weneczk. After both farmers were taken over by the college, the two went to work on the site, and were active in its construction. Bob Stiles, who worked in the Post Office, proved particularly helpful during the certain production dilemmas, figuring out ways to prevent lakes from forming in Enfield, and creating the ditch that saved Prescott from being reclaimed by the swamp. Most of the ditches around campus are his creation. They work sometimes, too.

The final steps towards commencement called for more money, a motto, and the arrival of some students. With the students due to arrive in 1970, a motto merely the product of someone

spending time with the Latin dictionary, the money was the privation that was most pressing. Chuck Longsworth, imminent president of the College, followed the grand tradition of all college executives and hit the campaign trail. Meeting with some success (although nothing to match the original grant Franklin Patterson, a contributor of six million), and, even more notably, some failure (he was once informed in the bathroom of the Ford foundation, while washing his hands, that he might as well leave, having reaped the benefits of their men's room, because they weren't giving him any money), he eventually garnered enough money to render the college operational.

Winthrop S. Dakin, another major contributor, cracked open his Latin dictionary, and came up with the motto. While spending some time considering phrases like "Sapientia Non Sufficit" ("It is not wisdom to merely be wise"), and "Scientia Non Satis Est" (could be translated as "Knowledge is not Enough," could be translated "Science is not Satisfactory"), he eventually winnowed it down to "Satis Non Scire," or, "To Know Is Not Enough." He also spent some time fighting the suggestion that the motto be in English, explaining that the Latin, being dead, is not subject to changing contextuality.

The students arrived in 1970. Bob Stiles, his wife Cornelia, and Chuck Longsworth talking about the new arrivals:

Chuck: They look all right?
Bob: They're all right.
Cornelia: I think they'll be

just fine.

Bob: Then again, they aren't in our back yard anyway, are they?

Cornelia: No, they'll be in the pasture, I guess, where the cows used to be.

The students began their work, and Hampshire had become a real school. The experiment was in phase two, with the creators waiting to see if their endeavor was a success. How the students worked, socialized, and progressed was the data they needed to deem their project complete.

One of the first demands of the new class was a form of governance. Dean Smith, the first Hampshire Dean of Students, complied with their desire, and cast the I Ching in an attempt to gain some advice from the spiritual world, as how the students should govern themselves. He came up with the helpful tidbit "Increase and decrease come in their own time. What matters here is to understand the time and not try to cover up poverty with empty pretense...the power of the content makes up for the simplicity of form."

Thus was Community Council born.

From then on advanced a flurry of issues, as the students found their voice, and clamored to use it.

In May of 1972, the first campus takeover was held, an occupation of Cole Science/Administration Center. An action of the Third World Organization, it addressed issues of furthering the op-

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More On Hampshire

portunities of the community then calling itself the Third World Organization, demanding that they have a greater voice in the hiring of faculty, and that they gain greater acknowledgement as a group of import at Hampshire. The response of President Longsworth was a lengthy letter promising to meet the hiring demands of the students, and outlining various methods in which the College planned to comply with the other demands.

Further protest ensued over the passionate issues of Divestment—retraction of stock owned by Hampshire in companies such as Boeing, AT&T, GE, Gulf Oil, and Emerson Electric, to name a few. Into these corporations the college had sunk over a quarter of a million dollars, an amount that constituted a quarter of our public stock holdings at the time. Students throughout the 80's challenged the school as a "Neutral Institution" when they owned such chunks of the nation's major corporations. Some students—namely the vocal Chuck Collins, notorious token Hampshire conservative—maintained that such investments in the country's top 75 weapons producers were financially sound, vital to the college's survival, although he advocated a gradual divestment leading to investment in both financially sound and ethically positive institutions. But most students were adamant about immediate change, challenging the Trustees to an abrupt divestment.

Hampshire was the first college in the country to divest from South Africa as a method of social

protest. The question of divestment in United States corporations was a much more drastic one, and one that the Finance Committee and the Trustees are still wrestling with. CHOIR (the student Committee of Hampshire on Investment Responsibility) is a now defunct organization, and student concern over the issue is much more striated and random.

The question of Hampshire academics has always been touchy in our experimental institution. Students have been issuing protest over new requirements, new faculty, curriculum expansion, and criteria since the early seventies. Countless committees have been formed by students, from the concerned Div II group of the early 70's to the latest protest over new academic requirements on Parents Weekend fall 93. Progress has been slow, but the overall effect has been a gradual buildup of infrastructure, which flies in the face of the earliest plans of the college's creators. Certain advancements have been concessions to reality. Almost all have been fought by the students.

The Hampshire Pet Policy, which seems to have been abolished as of the Spring of '94, has always been a volatile issue. In October 1982, the policy was in such danger that the conclusion of most was that pets would be banned. Spring of '79 had seen a motion passed to "phase out" all animals that weren't students. The issue dragging the policy into the mud was a widespread amount of failure to register pets; then-President Adele Simmons issued a decree warning

students that a drastic change was needed in order to keep the pets on campus. As we move into the 90's, the issue is no longer recalcitrant registration, but damage done to the campus. In the past, the situation has often been critical, now there are still students working on getting pets back on campus, but with administration so vehemently against the idea it looks as if the last pet has roamed this campus, at least legally.

The issue of community—socialization, recreation, commonality—is the culmination of all the above issues, and more. The students have been questioning Hampshire's ability to foster community since day one. Editorials about the topic abound, with one writer claiming that "the first thing any self respecting Hampshire student will tell you about the place is how little community there is here. In fact, what really joins the Hampshire community together is our agreement about how little community there is." This was in the early 80's. The situation—or the perception thereof—has yet to improve. The Apostrophe, one of Hampshire's longest-lived newspapers, once even started a fund to support anyone who would take on the task of creating programming to foster community. The paper—and the project—have both folded.

"The students will have to be able to handle responsibility, able to learn discipline of self in study and campus life...at their best, they will be like the best American students today—neither disaffiliated

Hampshire Comes to an End

'achievers,' technocratic conformists, nor deviants. I hope they will be questioning themselves and the society they find themselves in."

—excerpt from
The Making of a College

Hampshire students have engaged in this questioning, this responsibility, since the college's commencement. One student, in 1973, wrote—"Three difficult years have left Hampshire College with an eclectic group of juxtaposed qualities: success and failure; changes and stability; individuality and community; rich and poor; new and old; vigor and lethargy; ecstasy and agony.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Hampshire is a success, both as an innovative experiment and as a collection of people and resources. Yet the disappointment we all feel is strong—the College has not lived up to our idealistic expectations, and it has made serious mistakes that have hurt individuals and the College as a whole."

Time and time again, the students have recognized failure, and struggled for success. The Administration has, although often on the other side, displayed the same devotion. At times, it has seemed like a futile, and impossible undertaking. But the College, an experiment and innovation, has fought through.

Archibald MacLeish was the speaker at the opening of Hampshire College. The conclusion of his speech contains the idea that seems to hold the institution together:

"I do not know, ladies and gentlemen, how it is with you, but

as I think for myself of this all but impossible commitment, and as I look around at the faces of the men and women who have made it, I feel a surge of excited hope. In a time like ours, it is only the impossible commitments which are believable, for only the impossible commitments are now worth making. If the probabilities of the future over-

whelm us there will be no future in which men, as we have known men in the past, will wish to live. It is precisely the probabilities—even the certainties—that must change. And only education can perform that miracle.

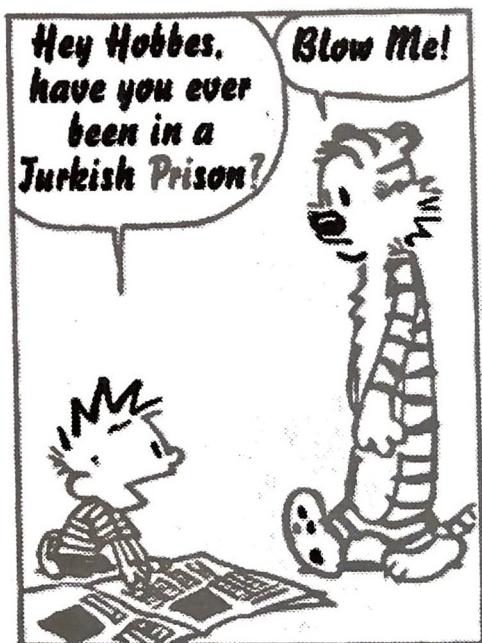
"I think we may be present at a greater moment than we know."

Stephanie Cole

Top 10 Elvis Costello Songs of All Time

10. Lipstick Vogue
(This Year's Model, 1978)
9. The Invisible Man
(Punch the Clock, 1983)
8. Beyond Belief
(IbMePdErRoLoAmL, 1982)
7. Kinder Murder
(Brutal Youth, 1994)
6. Two Little Hitlers
(Armed Forces, 1979)
5. The Other Side of Summer
(Mighty Like a Rose, 1991)
4. ...This Town...
(Spike, 1989)
3. Lover's Walk
(Trust, 1981)
2. Love for Tender
(Get Happy!!!, 1980)
1. I Turn Around
(IbMePdErRoLoAmL, 1982)

See ya' next semester, you bastards!



Hey, look at this!
"BACK DOOR BOOGIE
ALL NIGHT, UPRIGHT!
1-900-876-BUTT"

**Let's charge it to
dad's credit card**



**I wonder if my allowance
can support my debilitating
addiction to crack?**

